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To the

Eichholtz Family.

from their friend

The Author.

Wm Augustus White

Pastor of Episcopal
Church at

Dorchester

Thomas Boston of S. James
Dorchester

1842

LYRICS.



LYRICS.

BY

W. A. W.

William Augustus White ✓✓




BOSTON:

CHARLES STIMPSON, WASHINGTON STREET.

JOSEPH G. TORREY, PRINTER.

1841.



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LYRICS.

THE GRAVE OF MARTYN.

HE rests in the East — mid the Mussulmen's graves,
And proud Tocat's mount rises high o'er his head ;
They've hollow'd his bed far beyond the dark waves,
And none but the Persian* has gazed on the dead.

He rests in the East, and no lov'd one was nigh,
Life's last hours to quiet by kindness and love ;
The angels alone heard his last struggling sigh,
Then hasten'd to bear the freed spirit above.

* “ There was something, also, deeply affecting in the consideration, that where he sunk into his grave, men were strangers to him and his God. No friendly hand was stretched out — no sympathizing voice heard at that time, when the tender offices of Christian affection are so soothing and delightful.”—*Mem. of Martyn.*

He rests in the East, where from Bethlehem's star,
A light was once shining resplendent and bright ;
That light has now pass'd to the regions afar,
And left the lov'd land of our Saviour in night.

He rests in the East, but forever he lives
In fondest remembrance, by those he held dear ;
There Shiras his name immortality gives,
And heathen bend o'er his lone grave with a tear.

O BLEST ARE THEY WHOSE THROBBING
HEARTS.

“ Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.”

O BLEST are they whose throbbing hearts
Have felt the mourner's pain ;
Since God in mercy will return,
And give them joy again.

O blest are they who oft have shed
The contrite sinner's tears ;
For pardon thro' a Saviour's blood
Shall dissipate their fears,

'Tis not the scene of festive mirth
That gives the soul delight ;
'Tis not the time of purest joy,
When eyes are glancing bright.

O there is joy in tearful eyes,
In eyes that turn to Heaven ;
And peace is theirs who love to pray,
To pray — and be forgiven.

How blest art thou, if thou hast felt
The mourner's secret pain ;
Since sighs, and penitential tears
May turn to joys again.

GAZNA.

“ In the providence of God, Gazna or Ghizni, a city of India, which for a thousand years had been the glory of Mahometans, fell, a few months since, into the hands of the British. It was the tower from which the first Mahometan conqueror descended twelve times to ravage the plains of India ; the citadel from whence in succeeding ages, host after host issued forth, to pour a stream of desolation over the fertile plains of Hindostan.”

PLANT the cross on Gazna's walls,
Where the gilded crescents shine ;
Enter, Christians, and proclaim
To the heathen truth divine.

On those ancient towers, the pride
Of Mahomet's warlike son,
Be a Christian banner raised,
For a precious vict'ry won.

Precious, not for gold and gems,
To the mighty victor given ;
But, since souls, immortal souls,
England's Church may guide to Heaven.

Where the Koran now is read,
Where the Mufti's voice is heard,
May a Christian people meet,—
Meet to hear Jehovah's word.

Ope those gates that oft have pour'd
Martial hosts to India's plain ;
And a holy band shall bring
Blessings to the East again.

Enter, Christians, and proclaim
To the heathen truth divine :
Plant the cross on Gazna's walls,
Where the gilded crescents shine.

JOYS OF EARTH ARE SELDOM GIVEN.

“ All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.”

Joys of earth are seldom given
To the contrite Christian here ;
His is oft a life of sorrow,
Oft he strives with doubt and fear.

Jesus left his seat of glory,
But he held no throne on earth ;
Cross and thorny crown they gave him,
In the country of his birth.

Saints that have the Saviour follow'd,
Oft have met their Master's death :
On the cross they too have languish'd,
There they drew their latest breath.

Lurid flames have often gathered
Round the holy martyr's frame ;
By the bloody sword and halberd
They have died for Jesus' name.

Blest are they who thus have suffer'd,
All their sorrows now are o'er,
With the King they lov'd and honor'd,
They shall reign forevermore.

Tread we then the martyr's footsteps,
Till they guide our souls above :
Cross and thorny crown we welcome,
Emblems of a Saviour's love.

PILATE'S WIFE.

Written after seeing the beautiful picture "Calvary."

Lo ! what a scene on Calvary ;
What multitudes are there,
Mid glist'ning steel of soldiery,
And banners in the air.

High on the mount Messiah stands,
With Roman guard beside ;
While Caiaphas and Jewish bands,
His agony deride.

Here weep the Marys : Cymon there
The heavy cross bears on ;
Barrabas, too, with anxious care,
Waits till the deed be done.

And Pilate's bride, with beauteous eye,
Beholds the sad array ;
Her look of ardent sympathy
Befits the solemn day.

At Pontius' throne her prayers were vain
The captive King to save ;
And now she waits, where he is slain,
With spirit pure and brave.

O woman, cause of evil here,
How great thy love, thy care ;
Sure thou dost toil with aim sincere,
That evil to repair.

THE FATHER LOST AT SEA.

'NEATH the dark and foaming billow,
Where the spreading corals rest ;
Where upon the sands his pillow,
Softly, gently lies his breast :
Is our father there ?

In the azure heaven above us,
Where the stars in beauty shine :
Where the angels swell in chorus,
Songs triumphant, songs divine :
Is our father there ?

'Though 'neath the wave thy father lies,
My child, his spirit 's in the skies;
And in that purer, better land,
O may we all, a happy band,
Meet thy father there.

OTHER DAYS.

It is the holy Sabbath eve,
The hour of thought and rest ;
And feelings sweet tho' sorrowful,
Are moving in my breast.

Ah ! how the heart will wildly beat
At thought of days gone by :
And for the scenes it lov'd so well,
In sadness heave a sigh.

The busy mind in manhood's prime,
Its youth cannot forget :
And to the eye of pale old age,
Its visions linger yet.

Sweet recollection is our joy,
Where'er we live or roam :
Nor clime can change, nor age efface,
The thought of youth and home.

The aged sire full oft recalls
His boyish sports and plays ;
And dreams his silver locks have chang'd
To hue of other days.

He brings to mind the home of youth,
Far in the shady glen,
And sees the old and spreading tree,
That wav'd before it then.

He sees the noble church that stood
Upon the village green,
With gothic windows long and large,
And creeping vines between.

He counts its turrets one by one,
 And tells you of its spire :
 And tries to sing some ancient chant,
 That sang that ancient choir.

Of wedding day and christ'ning time,
 He has a merry tale ; —
 But speaks with falt'ring voice of those
 That sleep beneath the vale.

He thinks of all a mother's care,
 (A mother gone above !)
 And counts thro' all his sunny days,
 Her tenderness and love.

And O if yet there was a time
 Far dearer than the rest,
 It was the holy Sabbath eve,
 The dearest to his breast.

The Sabbath eve, the Sabbath eve,
 When free from ev'ry care,
 He knelt him by his mother's side,
 And learned his little prayer.

And now tho' he is full in years,
And she beneath the sod,
Yet oft, I ween that little prayer
He offers up to God.

Ah ! fond review of other days,
Sweet source of joy and pain ;
We bless the thought, — but weep to feel
Those days come not again.

Thus, thus thro' life we swiftly glide,
And cast a look behind ;
But we must on, our sails are set,
And briskly blows the wind.

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



A FESTIVE day comes, and we welcome its dawn,
With sounds of rejoicing from valley and plain :
Our banners are spread to the breeze of the morn,
The cannon is heard from the shore and the main.

Come, patriots, join in the song that we raise ;
Come, freemen, and echo the notes of applause,
To chieftain and heroes most worthy of praise,
To all that e'er fought in Columbia's cause.

O who can forget that the bold warrior's toil
Obtained us the treasures we ardently prize ;
They fought for our freedom, our homes and this soil,
Now fairer and freer than aught 'neath the skies,

But hark ! from the groves of yon Vernon a sound !
It bids us remember its glorious dead :
O spread then your banners upon that green mound,
And wave the blest sheet o'er the patriot's head.

Inscrib'd in our hearts, lo ! what power can erase,
The name of the hero, to liberty dear ;
Columbia, his cenotaph, none shall efface ;
A monument prouder than artist can rear.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

AWAY, away,
O'er wave and spray,
While the wind is cool and fair ;
We soon shall see
The green hills free,
With our smiling hamlets there.

Then on we glide,
At eventide,
To the homes we love so well ;
Friends wait on shore,
To greet once more,
And our hearty welcome tell.

The fresh'ning gale,
Speeds on our sail,
Thro' the white and sparkling foam;
With merry song,
We'll ride along,
'Till we reach our happy home.

We'll rest to-night,
By hearths as bright,
As a noble's hall can show;
And hearts as true
As earth e'er knew,
By our humble fireside glow.

Away, away,
O'er wave and spray,
While the wind is cool and fair;
For now we see,
The green hills free,
And our smiling hamlets there.

POOR AND HELPLESS CAME WE HITHER.

“ We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can
carry nothing out.”

Poor and helpless came we hither,
Bringing naught for wants below ;
Pilgrim-like we ask a pittance,
Use the gift, and then we go.

Who for wealth and costly treasure
Would with anxious spirit crave :
Who the world itself would covet,
Since we leave it at the grave.

Seek we then a better portion
Than this fleeting world can give ;
Lay in store immortal treasures,
Where the bless'd forever live.

What tho' low'ring clouds and darkness,
Gather o'er our path to-day,
Brighter scenes will bless the morrow ;
Onward, Christian, speed thy way.

Haste thee to the Holy City,
To the brilliant street of gold ;
Saint and angel there await thee,
And the pearly gates unfold.

In that bright celestial country,
Christian, thou shalt ever roam :
At the grave, our Friend will cheer thee,
He will greet thee " welcome home."

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

“Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.”

HARK ! what music fills the sky ;
Angels strike their harps on high ;
Glorious is the song they raise,
Ceaseless are their notes of praise.

List ! the chorus sounds again,
Mortals ! join the noble strain ;
“ O holy, holy, holy Lord.”

Where the elders sit around, *
Robed in white and golden crown'd ;

* See Revelation, chap. iv.

Where the lamps forever shine,
Spirits of the Power Divine ;
Glorious songs the angels raise,
Ceaseless are their notes of praise.

List ! the chorus sounds again,
Mortals ! join the noble strain ; —
“ O holy, holy, holy Lord.”

When the beasts their homage pay ;
When the elders night and day,
Cast their crowns and worship there,
While their voices fill the air ;
Glorious songs the angels raise,
Ceaseless are their notes of praise.

List ! the chorus sounds again,
Mortals ! join the noble strain ; —
“ O holy, holy, holy Lord.”

Can our spirits reach the bliss
Of a better world like this ?
Lo ! the gospel gives reply, —
‘ Bear the cross and win the sky,’

Glorious songs the ransomed raise,
Ceaseless are their notes of praise.

List ! the chorus sounds again,
Mortals ! join the noble strain ; —
“ O holy, holy, holy Lord.”

CHRIST AT GENNESARET.

Not in a spacious fane they met,
Adorn'd with massy tower ;
Nor chiming bells their music gave,
To tell the sacred hour.

No fretted ceiling o'er them hung,
With vaulted arches there ;
In nature's temple Jesus spake ; —
What temple e'er so fair !

Beside the calm and glassy lake,
 Attend a waiting throng ;
 And pressing to the verdant bank,
 In crowds they move along.

While from the shore one little bark,
 Within the woody shade,
 At anchor rests, and on her deck
 The dripping oars are laid.

Here rose the holy Master's voice,
 From that thrice hallow'd wave ;
 He from the humble fisher's boat,
 His sacred tidings gave.

O give us Thy humility,
 Thy wisdom and Thy zeal ;
 That we, when earthly toils are o'er,
 May have eternal weal.

FOR THEE I'LL PRAY.

WHEN the brilliant sun's appearing,
Brings to us the gladsome day ;
When the morn the earth is cheering,
Then, for thee, my friend, I'll pray.

When the night's far spreading darkness,
The faint light hath chased away ;
When my soul is fill'd with sadness,
Still, for thee, my friend, I'll pray,

At morn, at night ; in joy, in woe ;
 Thro' all life's sorrowing way ;
 Whate'er may be my lot below,
 Yet, for thee, dear friend, I'll pray.

DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH AND HIS HOST.

THE monarch had rush'd with his host from the plain,
His chariots, his horses, his riders were there;
And swiftly they cours'd on the path thro' the main,
While Egypt's fair banner was wav'd in the air.

But sudden dismay fills the numberless throng;
The Highest looks out from the cloud and the fire;—
Then slowly those chariots of war move along,
Jehovah has troubled the foe in his ire.

He spake but the word — and the waters again,
 Impetuous roll'd to the path in the sea ;
 Then where was the monarch that rush'd to the main,
 And where the proud host that bid Israel flee.

Ah ! swift was their doom, for they sank in the deep,
 The king and his troop in their martial array ;
 And naught can ye know of the place where they
 sleep,
 The waves tell no tale of the deed of that day.

Hark ! the voice of Jewish song !
 Timbrels sound along the shore !
 Gladness fills the chosen race ;
 Egypt's reign of sin is o'er.

' Sing the Lord a noble song,
 He hath triumphed o'er his foe ;
 Horse and rider hath he thrown,
 Where the deep, dark waters flow.'

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

“ My house shall be called the house of prayer.”

WE love Thy holy “ house of prayer,”
That precious “ gate of heaven ;”
We love to bow before Thee there,
And ask our sins forgiv’n.

At early morn, e’er yet the sun
Has bid the darkness flee ;
Ere toil and labor is begun,
Then would we come to Thee.

Here humbly would we bend in prayer,
 Here raise the cheerful lay ;
 And seek for grace in peace to bear
 The burthen of the day.

Again we meet, with grateful hearts,
 Our even-song to raise ;
 To pray for Light, as light departs,
 As close our fleeting days.

Lo ! brightly shine the ancient walls ;
 The gothic casements gleam ;
 While on the Priest's white vesture falls
 The sun's last ruddy beam.

Our holy worship thus we pay,
 Before we take repose ;
 Thus may we seek Thee ev'ry day,
 'Till our last day shall close.

THE MOURNING EMIGRANT.

I HAVE heard a voice from the fatherland,
And my heart is sad to-day ;
They have borne my sire to his ancient tomb,
But his child was far away.

They silently stood on the grassy mound,
Where his aged form was laid,
And the prayer was said 'mid the rust'ling grove,
When the last sad rite was paid.

But his child wept not with the mourners there,
 Nor join'd the requiem strain :
 For the solemn note of the passingbell,
 Came not o'er the rolling main.

I never may bend where my father lies,
 Or bear to his tomb sweet flowers ;
 But my heart shall recall his tender love,
 In its sad and lonely hours.

I have walked by his side at vesper hour,
 By the church-yard's purling rill ;
 When the chant was hush'd in the ancient fane,
 And the world seem'd lone and still.

We have watch'd the moon when its silver light,
 Thro' the turrets shone between ;
 When its bright beams play'd with the golden spire,
 Or drops of the dewy green.

O 'twas then we look'd on the graves around,
 And spake of the sleepers there ;
 And 'twas then we thought of the better world,
 With its spirits bright and fair.

And a father's prayer for his daughter's weal,
Went up from the cold green sod :
For he knew that he soon must rest him there,
And he gave his child to God.

Ah ! that voice I hear as it oft arose
On the gentle evening air ;
And his form I see as I saw it then,
With his flowing silver hair.

They have sung soft chants o'er my father's grave,
But his child was far away :
But I oft shall think of his tender love,
When at vesper hour we pray.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

THE last shall be first, and the first shall be last,
When life with its pleasures and sorrows is past;
When the blast of the trump shall waken again,
The dead of the earth, and the dead of the main.

Then where shall ye find the choice honors of earth,
Its splendor of wealth, and its titles of birth?
No ermine-robed prince his proud sceptre shall bear,
No chaplets of fame and no crowns shall be there.

The king shall arise from the tomb where he lay,
Once shrouded in vesture of regal array;
He comes not in grandeur, he takes not a throne,
But stands with the humblest — unaided — alone.

Lo ! then the poor peasant who went from his toil,
To sleep 'neath the turf of his own native scil,
Shall rise with the noblest, the brightest, the best,
Who laden with honors were borne to their rest.

Ah ! many will pass to the regions of night,
Who moved with the gayest in scenes of delight ;
And many a heart that here knew not a care,
May live there in anguish and deepest despair.

O seek ye not then the false honors of earth,
And love not its wealth, and its titles of birth ;
For many a prize to the poor shall be given,
The uncrown'd of earth shall be highest in heaven.

THE CHILD'S DEPARTURE.

“ His young brothers and sisters were then called around his bed, and in a familiar family tune were sung those beautiful words,

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

There was now a momentary pause, when suddenly there burst from his cold and dying lips, exclamations of ecstatic joy, which thrilled through every heart, and which seem to convert the chamber of death into ‘ none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.’ ”

THE song had ceased — and little forms
Bent sadly o'er a brother's bed ;
And tender hands, now clasp'd in prayer,
Were gently resting by his head.

Well had they tun'd his parting hymn,
To notes that rose with holy spell ;
And breath'd a solace to the soul,
Ere yet it bade the world farewell.

“ What light ! what light ! ” the fair child cries,
“ Who are these shining ones I see,
Like angels passing to and fro ;
And Jesus seems to visit me.”

Bright visions blest his spirit pure,
While heav'nly friends, with watchful care,
Were waiting by his peaceful couch,
Unseen by mourning kindred there.

And he hath gone with seraph guard,
To bear him to that home of light,
Whose jasper walls, and crystal ways,
Have never known the gloom of night.

We well may read his title clear,
To fairer mansions in the sky ;
For him there waits a golden harp,
And robe, and sparkling crown on high.

LOOK TO JESUS.

“ Looking unto Jesus.”

Look to Jesus, when the world
Is bright and gay around thee ;
When the friends, thou lovest well,
A happy throng, surround thee.

Look to Jesus, in the day,
When friends and fortune fail thee ;
Take Him for thy faithful guide,
No harm can then assail thee.

Look to Jesus, in the hour
When pain and care oppress thee,
Thou shalt feel his soothing power,
And in his love he'll bless thee.

Look to Jesus, when the shades
Of death are drawing near thee ;
Brightness shall thy way illumine,
His presence then will cheer thee.

Look to Jesus ; he hath lain
Low in the grave before thee ;
Thou wilt be above with him,
Ere yet the sod is o'er thee.

LINES PRESENTED TO A CLERGYMAN,

WITH A PICTURE OF SHOREHAM CHURCH, ENG.

A HOLY fane of the olden time,
And such as thou lovest well. —
We almost hear from that ancient tower,
The sound of the vesper bell ;
We think how a gather'd throng within
Have knelt at the voice of prayer,
And anthems richly have sounded oft,
And roll'd thro' the arches there.

O, many a year hath passed away,
 Since here the first chant was sung ;
And many a time the solemn bell
 Hath toll'd since it first was rung ;
While they that came at its frequent call,
 Sleep silently 'neath the sod ;
Still near to the church they priz'd so dear, —
 Heaven's Gate ! blest Temple of God !

And white-robed priests that in olden time,
 By altar and font were seen ;
They too have gone to a better world,
 To a fairer shrine, I ween.
We soon may go ; — but this noble fane,
 Like Truth shall for ages stand,
And other Priests may here guide to Heaven,
 A happy and holy band.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

I stood by the bed of the Christian sire,
When his cheek was pale and his eye was dim :
And we watch'd lest his lamp should soon expire ;
And with sorrowful hearts we gazed on him.

But his soul was firm and his hope was bright :
He spake of the pure and heavenly land,
And a vision came to the old man's sight,
Of that better world and its happy band.

He slept as we linger'd around his bed,
And his hands were clasp'd on his feeble breast ;
We spake — still he slept — the sleep of the dead ;
So calmly the soul had fled to its rest.

O why should we weep when the Christian dies :
His spirit has gone to a fairer clime :
It passes hence to its home in the skies,
And knoweth no more the sorrows of time.

THE HOME OF THE HOMELESS.

LONE and homeless, sad and dreary,
Toiling thro' this heartless world ;
Where, alas ! can one, so weary,
Find a home ?

Where the halls are gay and shining,
Where the stately banquet waits,
Rosy wreaths the goblet's twining,
There my home ?

Where the fairy lights are sparkling,
'Neath the proud and princely dome ;
Where the hoarded wealth lies darkling ;
 There my home ?

Nay : for not in lofty dwelling
Find the homeless oft their rest :
Hear they there no voices telling,
 Welcome home.

At the palace portals knocking,
Long the weary pilgrim waits,
Knocking, knocking, sighs while knocking,
 Ah ! no home.

Cold the marble wall he presses :
Colder are the hearts within.
There he finds no fond carresses,
 There no home.

But where the hearth is bright and warm,
And warmer welcome greets the ear ;
Where hand meets hand in friendship true,
O there the stranger findeth cheer,
The homeless there a home.

When shelter'd from the midnight storm,
In humble dwelling tho' it be,
His grateful heart beats high with joy,
And feels a new felicity ;
The homeless hath a home.

Bright eyes that beam with constant love,
Outshine the lights of hall and bower ;
And sweeter than the banquet strain,
Is fireside song at evening hour,
The melody of home.

God bless the hearts so true and warm,
Give long their hearth its ruddy cheer ;
And when we cross the darkest sea,
Beyond its waters may we hear,
A welcome, welcome home.

PARADISE.

LAND of glory ! who can tell
All the beauties of thy shore ?
Who hath view'd thy mansions well,
Who hath roam'd thy mountains o'er ?

Thou art sung in Poet's lay ;
Thou in Prophet's vision shown,
Brighter in thy sunless day,
Than the light the world hath known.

Theme of Persian tale and song,
Thine are rosy meads, they say ;
And thy currents glide along,
Sparkling with the golden ray.

There the azure Campac's * bloom,
Shines in ev'ry fertile vale ;
And the cassia's sweet perfume,
Rises on the gentle gale.

There within each palmy grove,
Cool the gushing fountains flow :
Where the bright-wing'd minstrels rove,
Gaily warbling as they go.

Thou wert seen by Prophet's eye,
With thy streams of crystal light ;
And thy gems' soft brilliancy ;
Shone like clearest stars of night.

* “ The Brahmins of this province, insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise.”—*Sir W. Jones.*

Where the lovely sapphire's blue,
Gleams upon the holy wall ;
And the jasper's dazzling hue,
Burns in splendor, first of all.

Land of glory ! Home of love !
Thou art not an idle dream.
Rich must be the bliss above,
If so fair its emblems seem.

We must stem the flood of death,
Cross its angry, bitter sea ;
Feel the tempest's chilly breath,
Ere we rest, sweet clime, in thee.

Onward, tho' the main be dark ;
Onward, tho' its billows roll :
Angel spirits guide our bark,
Jesus waits for ev'ry soul.

